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# THIS ENGLAND

WITH A NOTE ON THE  
EXIT OF EDWARD VIII

BY  
K. L. GAUBA

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*To England*





## PROLOGUE

*England* is small, and a great deal can be said for her shortcomings. This book is small and many things may be said about its shortcomings. But England, in spite of her size, dominates the international stage; and perhaps, for a few days, this book may have the same good fortune on the bookstalls!

*This England!* is not in the strict sense a diary, it is not a book of travel, nor an autobiography. It is far from being serious. It is more in the nature of a Dorchester cocktail—gin, with a dash of gunpowder for flavour.

K. G



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**THIS ENGLAND !**

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# I

## THIS ENGLAND

Many claim to know their England, but how many would know it from this brilliant description in a popular encyclopædia?

"England is the country, roughly triangular in shape, that lies in the Atlantic Ocean, between the mouth of the Tweed, 55 degrees 46 minutes North, and Lizard Point, 49 degrees 57 minutes 30 seconds, also North. The land is highest in the West, where rocks are hardest, oldest and show considerable disturbance. The orographical and geological distinctions between East and West are clearly discernible as the subterranean drainage characteristic of the Yorkshire limestone. To the West and South, the Coal Measures dip gently to reappear through the Triassic plain."

Geologically, the Islands, we know as Great Britain and Ireland, were at one time united to the mainland of Europe. The erosion by the Atlantic and the crumbling of the earth's crust resulted in a separation from Europe—as also from civilization. This favoured isolation, however, has

enabled the English to successfully scheme the domination of the world. But centuries of bloody conflict have failed to assimilate the component parts of these islands : Scotland still revels in petty provincialism, while Ireland hates the very name of England.

But many, who like to think kindly of England, prefer to remember it in the terms of the beauty of its countryside, the wealth of its manufacturing towns and the picturesque characteristics of its famous seaside resorts. The chalk cliffs of Dover are familiar to anyone using the Cross-Channel Services by air or water. It is difficult to surpass the quiet beauty of the Norfolk Broads, the Dartmoor Downs, or the more rugged coves of Cornwall. Equally popular are the seaside and rural towns of England : Torquay of the seven hills, always sheltered and warm ; Lynmouth ; Blackpool and Margate. In the manufacturing cities of Birmingham, Coventry, Oldham, and Sheffield will be found many reasons for England's current prosperity. But smoking chimneys, closely huddled tenements, and the rumble of machinery,—these belong as much to England, as do the green hills of Devon or the fair gardens of Oxford.

*20th June*

It was a gloomy afternoon when the *Naldera* put into Plymouth. A foggy blanket hung over



the harbour. The disembarkment took place to the accompaniment of foghorns and syrens. The street and traffic lights, blasts of irritated buses and the cold wind were reminiscent rather of a December evening than of a midsummer afternoon. There being several hours for the midnight train to London, I took refuge in a friendly cinema to muse upon—

“This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred  
Isle,

“This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

“This other Eden, demi-Paradise,

“This blessed spot, this earth, this realm,  
*this England.*”

Shakespeare must have done his writings on fine mornings.

## II

### LANSBURY'S LIDO

*21st June*

The last time I set foot on English soil<sup>r</sup> was in the autumn of 1918. The War was in its last and most desperate stages. I had run away from home and given the Punjab Government the slip. I arrived in England as one of the clerks of the Indian Press Delegation, which had come to see the War at first hand. It was not a very happy arrival then, as the Government of India demanded my return, while the War Office wanted to deport me as <sup>an</sup> undesirable alien. But Edwin Montagu (then Secretary of State for India) came to the rescue. He intervened on the ground that Cambridge is the best excuse for running away from home,—and from the Government of India! Then followed four happy care-free years,—Cambridge, London and a grand tour of the Continent—Italy, Switzerland, Austria and Germany.

The best way to see London is to walk. So having to report my arrival, I decided to do the journey from Grosvenor House to the Houses of Parliament without requisitioning taxi or bus.

The morning was crisp and sunny; the walk down Park Lane to Westminster was, therefore, delightful.

After signing the Book and being welcomed by the Secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association, Sir Howard d'Egville, I walked back to Oxford Circus via Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, lunching on the way with a friend at the Criterion.

From Oxford Circus I used a bus to Marble Arch, having earned the penny ride, and got back home to Grosvenor House, via a circuitous route through the Park.

*22nd June*

Thirteen years is a long time. Naturally one would have expected London to be greatly changed,—overhead railways, perhaps an airport at Selfridge's, sofas in Hyde Park, television in flap-jacks, and a dictatorship in Westminster!

Nothing quite so progressive or outstanding is, however, in evidence. The same pre-historic taxis rumble along—only thirteen years older. The London policeman looks the same, except a little worried over the advent of Belisha rivals. At Mme. Tussaud's there is but little change, except for recent renewals and rearrangements necessitated

by reshufflings in the Cabinet. The daily round of pageantry staged by the Buckingham Palace guard continues to delight London children of all ages between 6 and 60. Big Ben retains its reputation as the noisiest clock in the world. Crowds gather as before at St. Margaret's to watch the brides' first apprehensions, while hungry millions find food and music at innumerable Lyon's and A. B. C. food shops. Raucous voiced bus conductors continue to urge Albion to 'hurry along please', and a dreamy eyed debutantes make their maiden voyages to Court amidst waves of tulle and lace. There is no change in the demeanour of the orderly queues at the half-a-crown entrances, nor in the electric monsters, which hurtle through the earth from Hammersmith to Holborn, Notting Hill Gate to Bank, Mordent to Lambeth, while indefatigable escalators disgorge great cargoes of humanity into Piccadilly and Hyde Park Corner. England's weather maintains its national reputation.

A decade and a half ago. The Prince of Wales was concluding his Odysseys to the distant quarters of his inheritance. Politicians hoped he would marry well—meaning diplomatically; every girl hoped he would marry well—meaning herself. But he still prefers bachelor informality at St. James to the more formal environment of Marlborough House. Gladys Cooper drew large crowds at the Play House while Lady Diana Cooper's beauty kept the social

photographers and gossips busy. The Lady Diana is now modestly married to a promising junior on the Treasury Bench, \* and Gladys Cooper has abandoned London for New York and Hollywood. London to-day divides its interest between the telephone girl with a golden voice and the hats of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Thirteen years ago — Lloyd George had been dethroned; he is now making a fresh bid for power. Thirteen years ago, everybody abhorred War and strove for Peace; now everybody seems to abhor Peace and strive for War. The League of Nations was alive then; it is a corpse now. Curzon and Birkenhead used to enrich *Hansard* and the daily press with epigrams; Winston Churchill now seems to be the sole surviving craftsman of that art. Mussolini and Hitler were unknown; and England was just getting over a conscientious objection to Ramsay MacDonald. Lord Northcliffe's place is still vacant. Fleet Street was a power then; it is a sewage now.

Distasteful as it may seem, America may rightly claim a recent cultural conquest of England. Grape Fruit has displaced Quaker Oats and canteloupe melon orthodox hors d'œuvre. Vast quantities of ice-cream are served as slices of health; sundaes,

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\* Now the Rt. Honourable Antony Duff Cooper, Secretary of State for War.

milkshakes and earthquakes, together with tomato cocktails, proclaim a new era in mechanised dietary. Two-and-a-half million boys and girls hike weekly, playing truant with the family joint. This is not to say, however, that there is a total abstention from flesh during the week-end. Thirteen years ago, the boys took their best girls for rides; it now seems to be the other way. Grosvenor House had not been built, and the service flat was just coming into its own. Hair was long and fussy; hair-dressers had not yet discovered the fortunes that lay in gold, copper and ebony. Faces had not been lifted, and monkeys kept their secrets and their glands. The B.B.C. was more in contemplation than in embryo. And, when Hawker fell into the Atlantic, it was considered an achievement.

Thirteen years ago we called it the Serpentine. To-day it is known as Lansbury's Lido: it marks the high-water achievement of a Labour Government.

*25th June*

The more one sees of London the more does it loom—vast, immense and immeasurable. Miles and miles of street and byway, great fortunes in stone and mortar. In area and population London is comparable to a first class state. To provide for its daily subsistence is indicative of its colossal pro-

portions. Twenty million fowls mainly Ulster birds, are kept busy supplying London's daily want in vitamins; and a vast acreage, in the estate of the Port of London Authority, is reserved to house London's requirements in afternoon tea alone.

It is erroneous, however, to suppose that there is only one London. This heart of England, this vast glamorous city, the capital of an illusory Empire, is a London of several moods and a multitude of tastes. There is the London of the gay West-End, with its glittering homes in Park Lane and Brook Street; the London of the social climbers in fashion's hot-houses; the politically great, the economically sufficient and the indolent rich. This London establishes its sophistication from Thursday to Tuesday, buys in Bond Street and tailors in Saville Row; sups at the Blue Train and adds to the shine on the polished floors of the Ritz and Dorchester; hunts in Buckinghamshire and parades under fantastic parasols at Ascot, combining polo with poker at Ranelagh.

There is the much larger London, less care-free and sophisticated; but which takes its successes with a cheer and its sorrows with a smile; the London that patronizes Woolworth Stores and the basement bargains at Selfridges', that fornicates round the bushes of Hyde Park and spends its Sundays at Richmond; a London that reads the *Daily Mail*

and believes it ; that lives on sandwiches and roast beef.

There is also the London of East Cheap and White-Chapel, of the dock yards and the opium dens—the London of crime, <sup>opium</sup>dope and want.

There is the London of Leicester Square and its neighbourhood of the gay choruses, cheap stores and quixotic eating places ; the London of the City, closely allied to the markets of the world ; and the London of Fleet Street, ink stained, where many freaks of nature transform murderers and villains into heros, and proclaim in a thousand ways the ridicule of the Gospel and of civilization.

A casual stroll round Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly will also reveal a new London of noisy movie houses, dance clubs, cabarets, skating rinks, cocktail<sup>s</sup>, bars and private rooms ; a London of beauty parlours ; fragrant cigarettes, painted lips and cherise nails ; the Bright Young Set and the divorce courts.

But the earth you stand on is no longer the proud invincible England. The Plantagenets and Tudors are dead. Drake, Raleigh and the Virgin Queen turn in their graves.

Politically, socially and culturally the conquest of Britain is complete. In the process of conquest many have taken a hand —Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen and American mulattos. An



ample share in the spoils of conquests have also gone to the ubiquitous Scotch.

A visit to any restaurant will prove that the French and Americans are in complete occupation of the kitchens. Multitudinous hors d'œuvres, innumerable species of *poisson*—not to be confused with poison,—intriguing entrees and cunning puddings. A menu is generally a complicated maze of specialised terminology and mathematical notations. For the price of some comfortable necessities of life, one may discover and enjoy amazing combinations of snails, frogs, sparrows, monsters from tropical seas, horse-tail and donkey milk, garnished with quaint sauces, lemon and spice. To ask for roast beef and Yorkshire pudding would not only be an insult to the army of occupation, but would betray a very low grade of civilization.

Hitlerism and German efficiency are apparent in the new standards of life symbolised particularly in the colossal structures that rise into the sky, like giant ocean liners, with windows the size of doors, and doors in the proportions of Babylon's Gates. The new standards of living are indicated also in sun parlours, fantastic devices in illumination, express lifts, and pretty page boys recruited from the armies of Lilliput.

The Americans, of course, set the taste in talkies, the standard in post-midnight entertainment, in

liqueur brandies and the polo at Hurlingham. Chicago and New York also make the Dorchester and Claridge's Hotels possible; without their custom, the Ritz, Berkley and Mayfair would have to curtail establishments.

Beauty culture is essentially a contribution from the East. As long ago as forty centuries before Christ, beauties on the banks of Nile and Indus knew the art of seducing mankind by fragrance in the hair and red lips in the calls of sentiment and passion. Beauty culture is now the altar commanding the rites and homage of the general womanhood of to-day. It has been brought to a stage of commercialism, thanks to French ingenuity, American money and a two million post-War surplus.

It is impracticable to record the hundreds of beauty fads, with which the London woman of the year of grace 1935 makes her bid for supremacy of the feminine world. All the resources of science and invention have been exhausted in the process. Monkeys from the forests of Africa and Burma have considerably enlarged the scope of her activities and the range of her conquests. Face lifting has brought into the competitive ranks thousands of women who would otherwise <sup>have</sup> been available only for charity. The numbers of women, therefore, in active service are considerably more than indicated by census calculations, for these beauty parlours can and do

accomplish miracles. According to those who know, any homely girl, after a few hours in the masterly hands of a hair-dresser, masseur and gown-designer, may emerge as a beauty; and, if already a beauty, be transformed into an ethereal apparition. A yard of crepe ingeniously suspended or a whiff of subtle fragrance may make all the difference between a mortal and an angel.

It is not surprising that in these limitless fields of whim and caprice the best material from the advertising standpoint are exploited. The help of cinema stars, debutantes, the newly married and the lately divorced is sought by the manufacturers of soap and face creams in the mutual wars of their trades. You will read that, whatever your taste in beauty, whether the pink, white and gold of English blonds or the dazzling galaxy of charms that American has to offer, blond, brunette and mulatto, the world of fashion of two Continents agree that the secrets of eternal bloom lie in the use of a certain vanishing cream. But the manufacturers of other patent requisites will not be outdone, and endeavour to convince you that cosmetics, however good, and creams, however nourishing, can only touch the surface of your skin. Internal cleanliness is necessary to maintain the clear texture of a faultless skin.

According to the press, therefore, a modern woman must be powdered to her and his satisfac-

tion (more hers than his), with a reputable brand of powder, in a shade to match her type, laid over equally reputable brands of face, night and vanishing-creams. The radiant bloom on her cheeks will depend, not merely upon her flapjack, but equally on a course of saline, which will not only look after the extra eclairs but also be responsible for the boyish feeling. Rollers will move mountains, while a mouthwash ensures fragrance at the right time, and a respectable deoderant keeps other odours mum.

Mussolini and Hitler fail to regulate the dictates and the whims of the cosmetic urge of their day. Statisticians, on the other hand, have been conscious for some time of the social benefits from the widespread use of cosmetics. There is a rise in the number of seaside excursions, a boom in the divorce trades, and an almost complete repair of the ravages of war in the birth rate.

While Russian Grand Dukes and Austrian Countesses wash dishes in Berlin restaurants, the annexation of the British peerage by American heiresses proceeds apace. Noble Lords have often little to offer than their names; the Americans, on the other hand, need little more than the names. The unions may, therefore, be regarded as successful—being well-based upon the principles of supply and demand.

A walk down Regent Street will convince the casual observer that the barriers and snobbery that once guaranteed the insular security of the English from other races has been amply shattered. The loveliest blonds are driving sun-tanned Lotharios in Dagenham roadsters, while the dark-haired French and the still darker Italians vie with one another in the quest of the roses of England.

To those who look back with regret to the great bygone days, when England was not only the mistress of the seas, but also the mistress of the financial and economic world, nothing can be more depressing than the realization that not only has proud England been conquered, but that England is for sale! Every day the back pages of the *Times* and the *Morning Post* are reserved for announcements of auctions of hunting lodges, acres of woodland, trout streams, mountain tops, poultry farms and mansions echoing with great memories of the historic past. Vast slices of the Cotswold Hills, the Kentish Coast and the Windermere Lakes are to be brought under the hammer—unless previously surrendered by private treaty. In the West End, owners of famous mansions, where Disraeli and Gladstone frowned at one another, and where many a Heir to the Throne had an informal evening off from cares of State, are on the look out for syndicates that will transform their residences into motor garages. The Grand Old Order, which like

a fine ancient building assailed on the outside by the elements and at the foundation by rats, is rapidly falling to pieces—undermined by Chancellors of the Exchequer, tax collectors and Chancery solicitors.

*27th June*

The Ranelagh Club House lies about a quarter of a mile away from the main road. The numbers of Rolls Royce and other fine cars outside the Club House indicated that the Empire was well-represented. At the Garden Party nobody knew anybody nor was introduced to anybody, and everybody fetched his own table and chair, seduced the waiters, heard the music and watched the polo in his solitary individual glory. Anyhow the long trip out to Ranelagh was well worth while, as the Club is situated in the midst of a magnificent estate, which is at the same time remarkable for its beauty. Thousands of roses were in bloom and the afternoon being warm and sunny, one was thankful for the tall trees and the pretty stream. A number of persons were quite indifferent to the Empire function and amused themselves in the swimming pool. Others considered it wiser to sit and watch.

*30th June*

Thanks to Sir Abdul Qadir of the India Council, I had the good fortune of meeting Amir Saūd, Crown-Prince of Saudi Arabia, and visiting the Woking Mosque. On such occasions prayers seem to become obligatory, and everybody appeared conscience-stricken as the time for the afternoon prayer arrived. Happily the Prince arrived before it was too late. Later a very democratic tea was served on the lawn. The Woking Mission produced all its converts and the Prince seemed really happy at the prospect of a conquest of Britain !

The Crown-Prince has had a great reception in England,—even in the press !

Englishmen, who generally take no notice of their next door neighbours, are tumbling over this young Asiatic Chieftain !

Is it Turkey or petrol ?

### III

## WE MEET THE KING

*2nd July*

The programme of the Conference has been circulated. It is to be an intimate party to celebrate the head of the family's assumption of responsibilities twenty-five years ago.

Prodigal sons and fertile daughters foregather from the distant corners of the world. Great rejoicing and ample hospitality mark the home-coming. Many a fatted calf sizzles above the grill, cellars have been ransacked for the choicest in vintages and the grape-fruit industry is to demonstrate England's prosperity. Livery Companies, Chambers of Commerce and Port Trustees will vie, one with another, in the warmth of their welcome. The Ruling House will once again establish its identity with the common interest by collaborating in the elaborate programme of hospitality. Obsolete battleships have been polished up for a Naval Review, while tin tanks are scheduled to roll across Aldershot Plain to the accompaniment of '*God Save the King*'.



*3rd July*

To the family party have come a strange and varied assortment of human fish. There is, the stout mackerel of the North Seas, the lively herring from around Ireland, good-natured trout from Canadian rivers and a whale from Southern waters!

The Canadian contingent is led by Langstaff Bowman, Mayor of Dauphin and Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons. He will be assisted by four Senators—Copp, Black, Casgraine and Webster (who brings a pretty daughter); and by Angus Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia; stout Duncan Marshall, Ontario's Minister of Agriculture; Arthur Beuchesne, Clerk of the House of Commons; with George T. Perry, Speaker of the British Columbia Legislative Assembly.

Outstanding from Australia are Robert Menzies, Attorney-General; Senator Foll, Government Whip; J. M. Dunnigham, Minister of Labour in New South Wales; R. L. Butler, Premier of South Australia; C. G. Latham, Western Australia's Leader of the Opposition; A. G. Ogilvie, Premier of Tasmania. H. G. Perry and P. Fraser come from New Zealand.

South Africa seems to have specialised in ex-rebels—Col. Denys Reitz, L. J. Stetzler, who escaped from a British vessel in Colombo harbour to fight for

his country a second time, and General Peinaar. South Africa found the last war profitable, so they may, be expected to keep the Empire flag flying.

From Ireland comes John Dillon's son, with Senators O'Hanlan and Webster.

The smaller units are represented by equally delightful men. Sir Baron Jayatilaka will speak for Ceylon, Sir Stanley Spurling for Bermuda, Sir Harold Austin for Barbados and Sir Wilson Hungerford for Northern Ireland. Sir Abdur Rahim, Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, Lahiri Chaudhri, B. K. Basu (and perhaps, occasionally, the writer) will watch India's interests (if any).

This gathering is a happy idea. In spite of greatly accelerated modes of transportation, it is not an easy thing for Senator Webster to leave Quebec for a vacation in Europe, nor is it easy for Menzies to forego a lucrative practice at Sidney in the interests of Australian wool. It is no easy thing either to bring Perry or Fraser from New Zealand to Cardiff, even with the prospects of *Clicquot* 1921 at the end of the journey. It would be equally difficult, ordinarily, to proffer hospitality to Ireland without a de Valera mandate. Nor is it an ordinary matter for Mr. Stanley Baldwin to make the acquaintance of *Srijut* Lahiri Chaudhri.

The delegates to the Conference gathered this evening in one of the private dining-rooms of

Grosvener House, where Sir Howard d'Egville explained the purpose of the Conference. The outstanding impression of the evening was that of the Irishman next to me who sat and talked like a saxophone through a loudspeaker.

*4th July*

Before the serious problem of business, comes the serious problem of hospitality. The happy reunion of the Mother Country with her sons and daughters from across the seas was celebrated to-day in historic Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall was particularly appropriate for such a function. William the Second, who built the Hall, thought, for a time, that its million-and-a-half cubic contents might be suitable for a bed chamber, where unions would undoubtedly be felicitous. William the Conqueror put the Law Courts here. The Courts, however, were removed soon after by his son, who considered that the place might be more usefully employed. When the Thames overflowed, the Hall was navigated in wherries. In Westminster Hall Richard, Earl of Cornwall, is said to have celebrated his nuptials to Cincia of Provence at a feast memorable for its three thousand dishes. Here too Simon de Montford held his famous parliament. A mere two hundred years later, Westminster Hall was the scene of rejoicings at the marriage of King Edward IV to Lady Elizabeth Grey. The Hall

from time to time, has also been utilized for several other sorts of re-unions ! Edward Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, met Cardinal Wolsey here on the 13th May, 1522 ; he also met his fate. Sir Thomas Moore ; John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester ; Sir Thomas Wyatt ; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk ; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and lover of the Virgin Elizabeth ; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford ; King Charles I, the Seven Bishops and Warren Hastings are some of the great persons who stood their trials in these uncommon environments. Little brass tablets indicate the footprints of history.

Here, this afternoon, Stanley Baldwin, in periods round and stately as his person, toasted his " Colleagues from Overseas ". We meet, he said, on sacred ground, in the Hall of Rufus (nothing to do with the Rufus called Isaacs), the nursery of the Common Law and of Parliament : let all tyrants " look out ! "

Menzies of Australia in reply talked not only to the great assemblage, but also to his friends in the antipodes—thanks to the B. B. C. He was confident that the Parliamentary System is the one system to which every man, Prime Minister or tramp, should render allegiance. He struck tender chords in referring to the conspiracy between nature and village architect to consummate the beauty of the English countryside.

There were fifty-seven tables in all, and more

than 400 acceptances to the invitations issued to the luncheon by the British Parliamentary Association. At the high tables sat Capt. Fitzroy, Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Hailsham, L. C.; Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Sir John Simon, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Robert Menzies of Australia.

Not far away sat Winston Churchill, bald and bland as ever. He looks honest enough.

Prior to the luncheon, a photograph was taken on the *Terrace* of the delegates with the Prime Minister and the British representatives. The photograph was followed by a visit to the House of Commons with the Prime Minister as guide. After luncheon Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Phillip Cunliffe-Lister told us something of Foreign Affairs and the Developments in Air Communications. Both talks were, of course, in the strictest confidence. It would, therefore, be improper to record anything here, particularly as the *Times* of last week had pretty near everything worth noting.

*5th July*

Fine salmon and goodly wine were consumed this afternoon at the Royal Empire Society's luncheon. Colonel Denys Reitz, Leader of the South African delegation, responded to the toast of the (Parliaments of the Empire), and referred to the happy condition of the native population of his country. They were not ready to be trusted with the vote,

though, they could be trusted to look after white children. This was but natural, explained Col. Reitz, as the vote is something in the nature of a lethal weapon, which might blow the Government of which he is a member to smithereens at any time. The natives must, therefore, learn to walk before they can run: meanwhile, their interests are safe in the hands of the Government, who are acting as trustees on behalf of the civilized world.

The Chairman, Sir Archibald Weigall, referred to flaws in the Parliamentary system whereby Ministers are appointed to their offices without any administrative experience at all. The assemblage rattled the table tops for a speech from Mr. J. H. Thomas, who was present. Thomas settled the problem of the natives and the inexperience of Ministers in one sentence: "My friend, the Chairman, when referring to Ministers was no doubt thinking of the 3 o'clock; Col. Reitz will be applauded in South Africa tomorrow for having hoisted the national flag in London."  
*(Loud and prolonged twitter).*

*6th July*

Three items of the Jubilee programme have been particularly reserved for the Empire Parliamentary Conference: (1) the Air Force Review held today at Duxford, (2) the Army Review at Aldershot to be held next Saturday; and (3) the Review of the Fleet at Spithead on Tuesday week.

The first exhibition of England's might—in the air—was impressive. The same æroplanes went round and round, again and again, so that one might look as two and two might appear four. More interesting than the aircraft was the Royal Family, who came with an impressive *entourage*, including their Highnesses of Kashmir and Patiala.

The most enjoyable part of to-day's programme, however, was the long drive out to Duxford by car. Basu and I had one of the Humbers to ourselves. The speedometer indicated '70' in places.

*9th July*

Red letter days in the history of the Empire.

We met the Duke and Duchess of York on Thursday evening at the reception arranged by the Imperial Institute, and the Duke of Gloucester on Friday, the 5th July, at the reception held by the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall in our honour. Yesterday (Monday) Mr. J. H. Thomas (Secretary for the Dominions) presented us to the King and Queen, who received not only the delegates but also the better-halves of the delegates (wherever possible). In the afternoon the Duke of Kent had us to tea and cocktails, and to-day the Prince of Wales likewise entertained us to tea and cocktails.

The reception at Buckingham Palace was purely formal. It took the Lord Chamberlain twenty

minutes to line us up. It took the King two minutes to say 'how do you do'. Lahiri went in a *dhoti* to prove his association with the Congress, and I donned a turban to avoid hiring a tailcoat. The Queen evidently approved of the colour, for she smiled sweetly as I shook her hand.

The reception by the Princes was less formal—lounge suits being indicated.

The Prince of Wales received us at St. James's Palace, which seemed to need a spring cleaning very badly. The progress of the introductory queue was painfully slow—the Prince was meeting old friends. He seemed to remember them all. He had met Sir Abdur Rahim at the Calcutta Club—'How are the Bengal Terrorists?' Senator Copp had accompanied him down the Rapids—'What are the prospects of a MacKenzie return to Canadian Premier-ship?' Latham, Leader of the Opposition, Western Australia—'When do we see you Prime Minister?' Col. Reitz, South Africa—'The last balance-sheet of the De Beers, Bloomfontine Mines showed excellent results.' The Prince asked the questions and in most cases provided the answers.

The other members of the Royal Family are normal human beings. The Prince of Wales, however, is undoubtedly abnormal: his talk, his grasp of problems, his mannerisms, his information are all abnormal,—even his celibacy. The Prince might very



well have been the English counterpart of Hitler, if he had exploited his intelligence and regulated his friendships.

Ample differences lie between the Duchesses of York and Kent. The Duchess of York reminds one instinctively of a school-girl of the pre-war generation,—sweet, kindly and homely. The Duchess of Kent is exotic and gorgeous. She monopolises the popular fancy while her hats, dresses and even her 'delicate condition' are matters of general concern. The Duke of Kent, like his brothers, has the quiet air of a good boy well brought up. A head of rich golden hair and a winning smile distinguish him in any company.

A faint smile flickered round the mouths of King and Queen when they shook hands with the representatives of their Empire. Who knows how long the Empire is going to hold ?

The Kents live in Belgrave Square in an unpretentious house with a moderate rental. The Yorks have leased 145 *Piccadilly* for the time being. Gloucester, if he marries, may find a flat in Half Moon Street. The brothers are comparatively poor on twenty-five thousand pounds a year. They have their friends and coteries. They seem to hate the fuss and lace of their position. The Prince of Wales may even choose to allow the Yorks to be crowned in Westminster Abbey.

There was a time once when the King's sons fought among themselves for the Throne. Some say the Throne of England is going abegging.

*11th July*

It has been a grand home-coming—all these sons and daughters from so many distant corners of the world. Little Mother has done her best. The pigs have been killed ; the cellars have been robbed ; more salmon has been bathed in mayonnaise than one cares to remember. And now to a little business. What about the unemployment problem? Little Mother is in difficulties.

In a large sized room, sombre and cunning, off Westminster Hall, sits the Conference. No splash of colour enlivens the scenes ; the room belongs to the Middle Ages. We are here to add a page or two to History and to the Volumes written and bound here.

Says Little Mother : “ We have just about a couple of million unemployed. The books will tell you that we are packed closer here in the square yard than anywhere else in the world. In some parts of the family estate it is difficult to find the one man who lives in the hundred square miles. If you, my children, could take over some of these unemployed, they will do very well in your lands, for they are strong and able. And, incidentally, it will mean

something off the Dole and eventually something off Income-Tax."

"Yes, of course, dear Mother," says Canada, "yes, we have a lot of land, where we can put down a lot of men, and we would be very glad to do so. There are two small difficulties however in the way : firstly, the problem of supporting these unemployed until they can support themselves ; and secondly, the resentment recently aroused over in Canada at the treatment which your Liverpool importers accord to our prize bulls, which instead of being sent to farms, where they can prove their worth, are barbarously sent to the slaughter-house."

Mother : "Oh! We must ask Mr. Elliot to look into that."

New Zealand appears truly sympathetic : "I think we should do everything possible to help poor Mother out of her difficulties. I wish New Zealand could do more, but, unfortunately, we are such a small island, and nearly every man has got a job. The land also is fully occupied. We have, however, one or two Ocean Reclamation Schemes in hand, and will be glad to take our share of the unemployed as soon as we have the land to put them on to."

Barbados : "We too are a very small island and faced with the difficulty of having no surplus land available for colonization. But we have a splendid

remedy for over-production and consequent unemployment. Our surgeons sterilize the superfluous."

Mother: "The Pope would never agree to that in this country."

Australia: "It is a good solution. Why not persuade Mr. Lansbury to agree? It will be a permanent solution of the unemployment problem. If not, we can offer some land in North Australia. It is a little warm, there are a few deserts, but you can have it."

India: "Is it warm? Then it will suit us very well."

South Africa (*to India*): "It will suit everybody much better if you stay where you are."

India: "Rubbish. The Empire is joint property."

Mother (*tapping the table*): "Now. Now. We are wandering from the point. The general feeling seems to be that you are willing to welcome settlers from the old country . . . . ."

(*General silence*).

Canada: "So long as they are economically sound and are of the right type."

Northern Ireland: "In so far as the last remark applies to unemployed of Scottish extraction, we

must resent the imputation. No Scotsman is otherwise than of the right type."

Southern Ireland (*grinning*): "Did you hear that?"

Mother: "Order. Order. As there is no agreement to-day we must postpone discussion to the next Conference which Sir Howard d'Egville hopes to arrange. Meanwhile Mr. Amery should publish a report."

*12th July*

On the banks of the Thames in deep contemplation sits the Mother of Parliaments. Age and the elements have played havoc in her appearance. Great scaffolding indicates the efforts of specialists to repair the creases and wrinkles of time. Fragments of her face may be picked up for five shillings. Her children are numberless. From the cute Little Mother, who took up her abode, in the 12th century, in the City of Westminster, have sprung numberless offspring,—some good, some bad and some indifferent.

The English Parliamentary System, about which Robert Menzies waxed eloquent the other day, is a success,—because it is based upon a fiction: the King in Parliament. The King is never in Parliament. His presence in either House would be resented. Tradition ordains that he shall only pay a

visit now and again, on very special occasions, of which ample and due notice has been given, and when Parliament is not engaged upon any serious business, but is in a mood to join with the rest of London in seeing a team of white horses draw an antiquated coach, escorted by so-called beef-eaters, and to hear from the King's lips a speech prepared by unimaginative Under-Secretaries.

In theory the King makes the laws, owns the Fleet, the Air Force and the Army; he defends the Faith, litigates with his subjects and operates the scaffolds. In practice he is the constitutional robot, in operation many hours of the day,—nodding to the people he is told to nod to, driving by roads that are prescribed by the police, accepting and dismissing appeals he has not heard, assenting to laws he has had no hand in framing, decorating men he detests, and having his hands kissed by colonial autocrats.

The success of the King as the Supreme Robot is not merely his efficiency. He is always perfectly attuned to his work. He never grumbles nor needs adjustment; though he sometimes breaks down. Twenty-five years is excellent time for any type of machinery. Like his Yacht *Britannia* he seems good for some years to come.

What was precisely in Lincoln's mind when he conceived a *'Government of the People, by the*

*People, for the People*', is not known. Perhaps he foresaw Gandhism; he was certainly not thinking of the English Parliamentary System. His Majesty's Government (so called because nobody else is willing to lend his name to it) is never a government of the people, or by the people. It is very seldom for the people. It is the rule of a party caucus, by a party caucus, so that government by parties 'shall not perish from the earth'. The sole utility of the universal franchise seems to be to determine, once every five years (or earlier if it is in the interests of the party in power), whether England is to be ruled by one political corporation or another. The choice of almost every constituency is the choice between two or more carpet-baggers.

No great strains are put upon the intelligence of the people. The elector, on the day appointed, relieves himself of civic obligations by marking a ballot-paper. The counting-machines decide which party managers have managed things best.

The successful managers then come into their own. They augment the peerage; indicate to whom the King will hand the Seals of Office; take possession of the Woolsack and the Treasury; and appoint as Lords of the Admiralty men who have only crossed the Channel. To the Foreign Office they consign someone, who has a reputation to lose\*; while geography need not be a strong point in the stewardship of the Dominions or of the Colonial Office.

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\* Since this was written the Samuel Hoare episode has reiterated history.

Not many years ago His Majesty's Government used to designate its authority as that of the 'United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland'. The Official Hospitality Committee, at whose invitations we attended the Royal Air Force Review, and who have issued invitations to us for the Naval Review, use the name of 'His Majesty's Government of Great Britain and *Northern* Ireland'. It is unnecessary to go into the pathetic confession indicated by the change.

As a visitor to the Houses of Parliament, I confess to have been impressed by the several frescoes and towering statues of personages important in English history. The frescoes represent mainly scenes of civic commotion and treason to the government and authority of their day. Men, misunderstood in their generation, are immortalised in stone, bronze and paint. Some day perhaps Lloyd George at Lime House, and Robert Smillie in the General Strike, will fill gaps in the walls, while Maxton and Hore-Belisha live in marble. Equally impressive is the quiet dignity of the House of Commons, the seating accommodation of which assumes that one-third of the members are either unnecessary or will not be there. Members are required to keep their wives behind a substantial grille; the speeches are generally inaudibly excellent, and on great days the Treasury Bench resembles a tin of sardines.

The other day when I had the good fortune to be in the Dominions' Gallery of the House of Commons,



the Prime Minister was heckled on the salary of a Minister without Portfolio; the Foreign Secretary thanked the Leader of the Opposition for the opportunity to recite events already a month old; while the very efficient Under-Secretary for India informed the House that he had no other report on the situation at Lahore than what had appeared in the daily press. A member then asked the House to enact a lavatory scheme for the Mersey Tunnel and to grant a subsidy of several millions to stainless brass, which would reduce figures of unemployment and be a help in the next General Election.

High as are the standards of eloquence in the House of Commons, they are surpassed in the House of Lords. To hear their Lordships is a pleasure, to read them is a delight. Almost invariably, suspicious of proposals which emanate from the other House, they unearth the most cogent and forceful reasons in support of their arguments. But having, with great dignity, opposed a proposition, they proceed, with equal dignity, to approve of it. The possibility that they themselves might be reformed at any time has perhaps something to do with this.

It is credibly stated on good authority that three quarters of Parliament's time is taken up by business that could be more expeditiously and better done by local bodies; the remaining quarter is spent in devising constitutions for remote parts of the Empire. Most of the members know nothing of the countries for which they devise these constitutions; but the greater the ignorance the greater the qualification.

But it is not to be assumed that the Parliamentary System has outlived its utility. England is not the only country navigating political waters in obsolete ships. England's Ship of State to-day, though old and worn, carries a crew loyal to the party and Parliamentary System. The Commander looks every inch a sailor. Two or three centuries ago, he might have been a successful pirate on the Spanish Main, with a crew more homogeneous than he has at his command to-day. But whatever the internal dissensions and mutinies may have been, he would have always had a majority on the right side to maintain his authority on the frigate. The officers with him on the bridge are a cosmopolitan assortment. Some come from the most exclusive clubs in Pall Mall ; others from clubs not so exclusive ; and yet others from the country pubs. This is not said in disparagement, for all honour and credit to the men who start life in East Cheap and die in Mayfair. The average age of the staff in control shows experience and discretion. There are, however, two youngsters of precocious talent ; one of them is modest enough to admit—and so admitted to me—that had it not been for his father he would have been among the cabin boys.

The catering arrangements are in the hands of two capable women, who run their department on the sound principle that a crew well-fed is a crew that is willing.

## IV

### A LONDON WEEK-END

*13th July*

A Saturday night. Theatre — And a quarter-to-twelve.

Piccadilly and Leicester Square were disgorging their restless thousands still anxious to be amused. It was too early to go to bed ; the girls of the chorus had raised hopes. The Gilberts, the Filberts, from the wooden huts of Mayfair, were out in all their glory-gloves, shining toppers and five-pound-notes. The less affluent made for the Hammersmith Tube. London prepared for the Sabbath.

A famous restaurant, magnificent in every detail. A chef recruited from the culinary aristocracy, a glittering dance-hall, a slippery floor, a cabaret and wild music. It was midnight, the hour when hearts are played and rubbers lost.

Great roadsters, regal limousines, slick cabriolets de ville, liveried chauffeurs, and, nestling in deeply cushioned upholstery, dazzling cleopatras, who flicked ash into trays of gold.

The pavements swarmed with the cheap and hungry, who watched the big cars unload their freights of fame and beauty. Writers, actresses, painters, diplomats, leaders of society, debutantes, their chaperones and escorts, ex-Kings, Dukes and their mistresses, Indian Rajas and American millionaires. Here were the great idle rich in their most active moments.

The illumination of the big room, fast filling, was bizarre and sensuous. There was the chatter of several hundred voices and a confluence of a myriad perfumes. An exuberant band pounded the air in Jazz called music.

Around the room were faces young and old, ugly and beautiful, sophisticated and ostensibly innocent. The atmosphere was tense and pregnant with thrill.

Items of the cabaret interspaced the general dancing. Champagne flowed; it would seem that the vineyards of France could never supply enough.

Suddenly the lights were dimmed and a spotlight bathed the centre of the dance-floor in a ring of flame. A girl was chasing imaginary spirits. Her body ever so dazzling, was splashed only with the scarlet of lips and the red of the rose in her hair. Frantic rattle of cutlery showed that the hors-d'œuvre had been popular.

Some more general dancing, and then ten pretty maidens, in top hats and doublets, demonstrated the latest in high kicking and infantry parade.

At a neighbouring table a Prince and his friends were having a private show of their own.

"Trust," said the Prince to the girl on his right, placing a sandwich on an impertinent nose.

"Go."

And she made a wild bite into space. Shrieks of princely laughter followed the sandwich to the floor. People looked round and smiled. An ass in mid-Atlantic is amusing.

A black-haired senorita from Spain lisped, "Who says I don't like a banana?"—"Wait and see!" The husky voice, the coloured lights and the whiffs of soft perfume were infectious. The audience was soon entangled in the mesh of the senorita's alluring black eyes, her panting breasts, and the undulation of her body to the rhythm of the music. Men watched the red curves of her mouth and the glittering sheen of her hair. Applause! The audience was mad.

If you are fortunate, an unattached maiden may ask you to pay for a drink. No better investment can be made when you yourself have a thirst to quench.

While arm in arm you cross the street and the raucous drums still smash the air into a thousand

pieces, you cannot help revelling in this wonderful hour, when the stars look like jewels set in a velvet sky, and the lamps, bright windows, flaring, fantastic, scintillating signs all blaze into the joy of a London night.

*14th July*

It is Sunday, the day the gods need asperine and brandy after a strenuous week. The crowd was pouring into the Park for the Sunday fashion parade. Every woman with a parasol to display, or a man with a new pair of spats was there. So too the social columnists and photographers. During the coming week, the world of fashion and gossip will express its wonderment how hunting tigers in the African Jungle has not affected the school-girl complexion of Lady X, or how Lord Y divides his time between the traffic courts and the South of France, and on the marvellous grace of the Belgravia twins.

On the other side of the Park another crowd was pouring in. Bills and 'Arriets, Labour agitators, disgruntled Churchmen, Negroes, Indians, Third Internationalists and the Salvation Army. The all too few seats had been bought up and many prepared to spend the day on the grass. The insects of the Serpentine huddled together, alarmed at the invasion of the lobster and mackerel, that plunged into the water from the diving-boards.

Towards Marble Arch, the crowds were grouping themselves into circles that seemed to widen.

There was a circle that was singing the Psalms of David.

"Wait," said a man with a bald head, "I will show you the greatness of the Lord."

The crowd gazed upwards, while the man on the platform performed some evolutions with his hands ; his face showed the contortions through which he was putting his mind.

"Did you see the Lord ?"

"No," said the audience.

"Now you may continue your song," said he, "for without the help of the Lord I could not have interrupted you."

A few yards off a young fellow faced a hostile crowd as a spy might face a firing squad. He was the official propagandist of an Anri-Socialist Union.

"We face war and they waste time in Peace Ballots. Bullets keep the peace, not ballots."

"A bullet would make you keep the peace," said a listener.

The speaker smiled and continued : "Socialists are the curse of this country."

"And what about 'em Lauds and Maquisisses ?"

"I am coming to them," said the speaker.

"Come quick." sniggered a youngster, "you may miss the train."

Under a large flag and on a very elaborate platform, a bearded patriarch was holding forth :

"Jehovah," said he, "is Lord of all. He has no sons and daughters, never having had a wife."

Two pretty Jewesses looked on admiringly ; it's marvellous what faith can admire. The audience was good-humoured.

\* "What does Jehovah think of Hitler ? "

The patriarch did not intend to be drawn into politics.

"I am not in the Lord's confidence," he said calmly.

"Why not ask the League of Nations ? "

General merriment dissolved the next point in the patriarch's address.

A few yards off a voice was thundering :

"Except the mugwamps (meaning the anti-Socialists) over there, the people of this country believe in the League of Nations and in Peace without War."

An old lady : "Hear, hear."

The speaker continued : "The Peace Ballot is unmistakable proof that twelve million people in this country believe in open diplomacy."



“What about the Naval Treaty?”

The question is answered in the audience: “We are friends *now* with ‘em Huns; *they’ve visited the Prince of Wales.*”

The British Empire Union was having a rough time defending neutrality over Abyssinia and German methods on the North-West Frontier of India.

“See those fellows over there,” said a man holding forth under the auspices of a Red Flag, “they talk of God. Let ‘em come over where I live and tell us the whereabouts of God. Let ‘em walk our pavements any evening and see the children with their noses glued to the windows.—Hungry eyes and empty stomachs! Where is their God? I suppose they’d say they should be satisfied with the glory of the Union Jack.”

A new recruit to the outdoor Methodist Mission was justifying his selection. He had the ample audience of three—a nurse, a baby and a perambulator. But he was inspired with the good work of his mission and rattled along like the *Flying Scotsman*.

A few yards away there was a vast congregation listening reverently to a speaker from the Council of Public Morals! “Syphilis.—Be careful if you can’t be good!” was the subject of his sermon.

The Third Internationalists, the messengers of the Red Flag, and the venereal specialists can count on the best hearing in Hyde Park.

And thus every Sunday and often every evening the crowd passes from one circle to another, picking up crumbs of morality, religion and politics—savoured with blasphemy, prurience and sedition. Policemen mingle with the crowd, smile at the observations against God, Church and State. Hyde Park is the safety-valve of the British social boiler. Nobody would dream of choking it.

And while the demagogues were paving the roads of democracy in fanciful patterns, there was a traffic jam at Hyde Park Corner. For a few minutes, the great rivers of speeding automobiles were blocked: an old lady wanted to cross the street. The backwash of the temporary blockage was felt at the Marble Arch end. Suddenly throttles opened gaily: the old lady had successfully forded the stream. Like the swirl of waters let loose, a thousand cars sped round the highways of the Park.

Lolling on the grass and on the penny seats were myriads of the younger generation, looking plaintively into each other's eyes. They are good pals these boys and girls of the present generation. In calm moments they make excellent friends,—in wild moments excellent bed-fellows. { This generation has little use, however, for marriage, because husbands become bores and babies are always a mess. }

The sun was warm all day, too warm for anyone except the seekers after tan and burn. It was 86 in

the shade—the highest on a Sunday afternoon for the century. To-morrow it will be the front page splash of all the tabloids. To an eager sun will be credited heat-strokes, deaths and suicides. Perhaps the *Times* may be inspired to write a leader,\* and the weather experts will be busy forecasting further records. The *Daily Mail* might discover that the mercury at 89 will be the precise temperature that was responsible for the disaster of 1066. The Southern Railway's 'Four Shillings to Brighton and Back' will take a distracted London to the Sea, while sellers of boaters, palmbeach and bathing-suits will reap enviable harvests.

## V

### A BRAVE DISPLAY AT SPITHEAD

*15th July*

Outside my window rumble along the gay red and white buses of London's General Transport, and the more luxurious conveyances of the Green Line. Numbers 16, 33, 36 and 73 crash up and down every other minute, sometimes more often than one a minute. Grosvenor House and Park Lane are on the direct routes to Finchley, Golders Green, Crickleword, Hammersmith and Richmond.

The days have gone full and fast. Midst several other functions there was an interesting luncheon at the General Post Office at which Sir Abdur, on behalf of India, responded to the main toast. The luncheon was followed by an inspection of the Telephone Exchange, where myriads of economically sufficient women look hungrily at every passer-by. Imperial Chemicals also arranged a luncheon, which was held at their headquarters on the banks of the Thames. Lord Reading (who was a Director) and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were very much in prominence. The B.B.C. had us to tea where we had the good

fortune to see a Prima Donna go on the air ; we also saw a gramophone record go on the air. Among the receptions, mention should be made of the one given by the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Conservative Party's official hostess. There were present several hundred people (mostly unknown to one another): one made their acquaintance, however, in the *Times* next morning: they included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, the Diplomatic Corps and their ladies, both Houses of Parliament, the Press, the City, Mayfair, and foreign alumni. Lady Stanley, who also held a reception, gathered a remarkable assemblage of pretty women to meet the Empire. I managed to monopolise one extraordinarily handsome and loquacious !

The Middle Temple broke an ancient rule to-night, when it allowed its Hall to be utilized for the profanities of political speech. Many of those present at the banquet bore names to conjure with in contemporary England: Viscount Finlay, Lord Rutherford, Viscount Rothermere, Lord Hanworth, (Master of the Rolls), Lord Hewart (Lord Chief Justice), Mr. Justice Eve, De Laszlo (the artist), Sir Holman Gregory, Wilfred Greene and more than a dozen other famous King's Counsel.

Wilfred Greene\* is shown on the map of London as the road from the Law Courts to a Savoy banquet.

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\* Since this was written W. G. has become a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary.

16th July

His Majesty the King reviewed his Fleet at Spithead to-day. The Admiralty, in collaboration with the Southern Railway, made the necessary arrangements for Government guests. A series of pullman specials left Waterloo this morning for Portsmouth—some leaving as early as ten o'clock while others as late as quarter-past-twelve.

Happily the E.P.A. delegates were accommodated in a special, in which luncheon was served on the way—which was fortunate, considering what happened to a number of early departures destined for the *Maine*.

Portsmouth was beflagged in gay bunting and the national flags of England's late allies, intermingled with a goodly proportion of Union Jacks of all sizes.

The Fleet was moored in four rows, supplemented by lines of auxiliary ships, merchant vessels, famous yachts and the fishing-fleet.

India was represented by the sloop *Indus*, which, however, could be found only on the map.

The shore seemed to be lined with the entire population of the South of England. Till the stipulated time, the noise of sirens, hooters and claxon horns was deafening.

We were placed aboard one of the vessels chartered by the Admiralty. It carried a number of members of Parliament and among others L.S. Amery, ex-Colonial Secretary, and the *pater familias* of the E. P. A.\* The Crossley's, with whom I dined on Friday night, were also aboard : Crossley is a promising M.P., his wife is an artist and very much a picture herself.

There was plenty in the way of ice-cream and drinks aboard.

A procession was formed with a Trinity House yacht leading the way ; the *Victor and Albert* came second, followed by the Lords of the Admiralty in the *Enchantress*. Government guests were in three vessels bringing up the tail.

It is said that at the Coronation Review of 1911, 175 British ships and 18 foreign ships were assembled. The assembly in July 1914 was even larger, there being 228 ships, of which 60 were capital and 51 were cruisers. To-day the Admiralty could muster only 11 capital ships and 25 cruisers ; this too was made possible only with the help of the Mediterranean Fleet, which had been brought home specially for the function.

No wonder Anthony Eden is not having much success at Geneva?

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\* E. P. A. = Empire Parliamentary Association.

This is what one of the newspapers has to say on the subject:—

“When we see the apparent strength of the assembled fleet it is well to remember that many ships present are over-age, or nearing obsolescence, and that only a minority are fully manned with trained men.”

It required undoubted courage to stage the brave display at Spithead!

*17th July*

To-night His Majesty's Government gave a farewell banquet at Claridge's in our honour. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, was in the Chair, supported by Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India. The Conference has concluded its London programme.

Both the Lord Chancellor and Col. Reitz, who replied to the main toast of the Parliaments of the Empire, made special and sympathetic reference to the Indian question. In the speech at the inaugural luncheon at Westminster, the Prime Minister also made particular reference to India, in a voice apparently touched with emotion.

Do these references mean anything? Are they sincere in expressing Empire feeling towards India? Individually of the speakers *possibly* yes; but can the same be said generally of the Cabinet, Parliament and the British people?



Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, who has been meeting several persons in the know, brings the news that the British Government of the day is sincere: the safeguards and shortcomings of the Government of India Bill will be greatly minimised as a result of the spirit in which the new Constitution will be allowed to function.

To understand an Englishman's viewpoint on India, as related to the Empire, one must remember certain basic facts, which are usually emphasised in the daily press and current political literature, and which are naturally, therefore, uppermost in his mind and colour his outlook. These may be broadly summarised as follows :

In the first place the average Englishman is unable to forget the magnitude of India, the diversity in its race, languages and religions, the cultural chasms between tribe and tribe, community and community, faith and faith, worship, superstition and caste. The situation, as he sees it, is complicated by the rapidly growing numbers of well-educated and keenly self-conscious minorities, the product of the universities, a new European antithesis, which revels in a new-found civilisation of finely creased trousers, a fluency in English and a diet of ox-tongue and boiled potatoes,—a highly polished minority producing great judges, able lawyers, scholars and scientists of merit, capable administrators and a galaxy of political talent. The problem of India, therefore, to the average Englishman, lies in the answer as to what

is the most suitable form of government for one-fifth of the human race, divided into the protagonists and antagonists of cow-slaughter, who take their ethics from primitive folk-lore and legend, and their political ideals from Burke and Robespierre, whose climate is enervating, whose intelligentsia is the mass product of second-rate universities, whose capacity to buy and consume is the life and blood of Manchester and Lancashire, who have in their midst hereditary autocracies established under ambiguous treaties, but sanctioned and maintained with the resources of the British Empire.

In the midst of these difficulties, come the problems connected with the association of the Crown in the Government of India, and all that is implied thereby. It is stale controversy now to enquire whether the band of merchants, who carried with them the Charter of Elizabeth, intended merely to establish lucrative trade relations in India, or whether they intended subtly to lay the foundations of an Empire in the heart of the immemorial East. At any rate, in due season with the break-up of the Moghul Empire and the anarchy that ensued, the East India Company declared its readiness to assume the responsibility for the government of the Indian people. Half the countries of Europe also expressed their willingness to discharge this sacred trust on behalf of humanity. France and Portugal made definite efforts towards this end, but All Bountiful Providence willed otherwise.

In 1858 it was decided that the Crown could better look after its interests directly, than through a Board of Directors sitting in Calcutta. In order, therefore, to satisfactorily perform this great task the flower of English manhood was drawn to the Indian services ; the *Pucca Sahib* became an institution both at District and Central headquarters. But some of the *Pucca Sahibs*, in less responsible moments, created a number of *Sahibs* not so *Pucca* as themselves. In the meantime also a section of the population started to grow restive. Questions began to be asked as to how long the trusteeship would last.

No definite answer was forthcoming until 1917, when the Allies were fighting with their backs to the wall. It seemed for a time that the German armies were going to smash through (of course through cultivation itself ). India was restive. Men, Men and yet more Men ; Money, Money and yet more Funds were needed to feed the guns of war. Thus came about the solemn declaration of August 1917, stating that the development of self-governing institutions, and the establishment of responsible government, was the goal of British intention in India. When the situation was once again complicated, Lord Irwin obtained an authoritative explanation that these intentions meant the establishment of dominion government in India. But, with the passing of those emergencies, attempts have subsequently been made to explain away the meaning of Lord Irwin's statement and to avoid its logical implications.

India is thus, in England, a non-party question. No Prime Minister, no matter what his majority, will stake the existence of his Government on India. India, therefore, moves along the road of good intentions rather than practical politics. There is seldom pressure sustained long enough from India itself to secure anything substantial. Occasionally the incidents of external circumstances—a war, fall in exports, or an upset in the international exchange, may secure the appointment of a commission or a conference to devise ways and means. By the time, however, that the commission or conference has recorded evidence, investigated affairs, received deputations and delegations, discussed memoranda, written its report, and had the attention of the Government of India and the Secretary of State, the necessity has passed; the general outlook has altered; the giver no longer wants to give, the recipient is disgruntled and disillusioned. In delay and procrastination, his enthusiasm for settlement has waned; he is convinced he has been sidetracked. Thus the cycle works its vicious round to a new commission, a new conference, a fresh investigation, new avenues of exploration and new difficulties.

This is the essentially British manner of handling difficult situations—not only in the case of India, but in other matters too in which bold and far-reaching decision is necessary. India is only one instance. Ireland, Divorce, the House of Lords, the

Prayer Book, and Birth Control have all the same history. In these matters the psychology of the average Englishman plays a great part. He likes to feel he is *playing the game*, even though he isn't; he likes to play a game, it does not matter what, no matter whether he can play it or not. He is self-sufficient; he has few ideas and generally hates an idea when he meets one. He is essentially conservative and abhors adventure in unchartered seas. He has an acute mistrust of the cosmopolitan. Generally, he is a generous opponent, but, not infrequently, acts up to the dictum that everything is fair in love and war.

18th July

A new arrival from India has not far to go to establish contact with the home country. There are several meeting-grounds: there is *Veraswami's*, where Governors and retired Colonels congregate to renew a taste for curry. There is the *Shalimar* and *Shafi's* for the less sophisticated, where *chapatis* cooked in ghee and red hot *pakauras* and genuine *roghanjosh* and *palao* are served to a discriminating clientele. These restaurants are not precisely the cheapest places in Town to dine at, but the extra is well-repaid by the touch of the homeland!

By 8-30 p.m. the place (*Shalimar*) was full. One or two persons were foppishly-dressed, the majority were content to dine in grey flannels and blue

blazers. What does it matter? It made no difference to the prawns. Some needed a hair-cut. What did that matter, too? The peas looked just as tempting in the curried lamb.

Here and there a fellow had brought his sweetheart along with him—gay girls with roguish eyes and flaxen hair.

There was a small assortment of young Englishmen, (presumably members of the Communist Party).

The English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society provided an excellent meeting-ground for those interested in India at their luncheon this afternoon at Claridge's Hotel. The luncheon was held in honour of "Distinguished Visitors from India". There were well over 150 guests, plus a magnificent display of Indian music and costumes. The loyal toast was drunk in terms of "The King-Emperor" and not as is usual in London "The King" without the suffixes.

English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale *Tea* (which was undoubtedly the underlying inspiration of the luncheon) should prosper!

*19th July*

It is a red letter day in Fleet Street; the afternoon editions have sold like hot buns. For the first time in history a bitch has won open stakes. Lady Ashley has returned on board the *Empress of Britain*

with Douglas Fairbanks (Senior), though, as the *Daily Express* says, they are certainly not married, (officially). Capt. Alexander Kane, who is languishing in a Madrid goal is to be aided by a K. C. from London (thanks to the public-spirited activities of the *Daily Express*).

There is also a Parliamentary Conference, in which the Government is directly or indirectly interested, and upon which considerable sums of money have been spent in bringing it about. But the London Press has other calls more important upon its space,—for instance, the arrival of Lady Ashley and Douglas Fairbanks aforesaid, Talks about Tallies, The Fifty Million Pound a Year that Common Colds Cost Britain, the Farewell at Waterloo Station between Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Beatrice Lillie, the Major Who Lost Six Hundred and Eighty Thousand Pounds, the Five Hundred Hungry Guests at the Naval Review, and Cures for Loneliness.

When I arrived in London, I enquired about the approaches to Fleet Street, hoping to do a little propaganda for India (and possibly myself!) I was informed that there were three royal roads to Fleet Street—Murder, Adultery and the Publicity Agent. The easiest of these roads is of course Murder. Arthur Grierson, for instance, by merely finding a soft spot in his landlady, found also a soft spot in Fleet Street, which in return gave him a publicity that normally a hundred thousand pounds could not have bought.

The publicity agent, like the lawyer and the professional woman, is open to engagement. Accordingly pretty ladies, about whose ancestry or progeny there are doubts, seek the publicity agent. Like other matrimonial specialists he will provide the evidence. He will felicitously describe the ancestry and progeny\* (touching out all the matters of doubt); he will find the paragraphists, the gossip-purveyors, the photographers and the editors. He not only undertakes to make reputations, but also to repair reputations. And so, there knock at his door the Debutante, who wants to marry well, the Divorcee who wants to retain a name on the invitation lists, the Lawyer who would like an occasional puff, the Diplomat who needs information, the Company Promoter who has some third mortgage debentures to dispose of, Chorus Girls in hope of custom, Boxers out of contract, Shipping Agencies in need of passengers, Societies requiring members and others seeking fame. Editors and publishers generally look at little that is not through an authorised channel. In this process the milk is well-skimmed.

This explains why even the best journals will devote 4 column inches to a riot at Belfast and 14 inches to the description of dresses at Ascot. If the Prince of Wales entertains the Maharaja of Patiala to tea, it may be an unimportant event; but if the Prince of Wales is seen talking to Lady G. Snipe at the New Market Paddock, there may be a headline. Scores of fifth-rate books thus become



best-sellers; while works as good as the Bible languish on the book-stalls.

The English are said to be a strong quiet race, who guard their secrets, cover their deficiencies, and control their speech; who detest sensationalism and publicity; and who do their love-making in an orderly and businesslike manner. But, as a result of a number of successful dictatorships in Fleet Street and Printing House Square, the English race appears to have been transformed from second-rate seekers of the common place to first-rate seekers after thrills. The nation that used to be content to read Shakespeare with gusto and Milton with reverence, now reserves its reverence for Bernard Shaw and its gusto for D.H. Lawrence.

And all thanks to the Press becoming big business from the discovery that newspapers may be profitable. Profits in the newspaper trade depend on advertisements, advertisements depend on circulation and circulations are measured in the figures of Eve. Thus there are thrills every morning, thrills every afternoon and the choicest blasphemy on Sundays.

In the race among Fleet Street rivals for circulation, cross-words and football play a conspicuous part. A successful beauty competition is of course best for a push in circulation.

With the possible exception of the *Morning Post*, Fleet Street seems comparatively uninterested in the Empire. Some journals, no doubt, have expensive correspondents abroad ; but, very little real news filters through. Readers, accordingly, are told little of what has actually happened ; but more of what should happen,—if the editor had his way.

Accordingly, therefore, the Englishman—and also the Englishwoman—grows up with the mental background that everything is right with the Empire ; that the British Navy is the best in the world ; that Malta and Gibraltar are impregnable ; that Indian nationalism is a spent force ; that the Egyptians are a corrupt race ; that snakes abound in Ceylon, and that Mr. Anthony Eden is infallible. In the forefront of his mind are placed such intelligent and important matters as “What is wrong with Wyatt this year ?”, “Substitutes for Religion No. 6 ;—Business. By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge”, “The Daily Mail £1,000 Milk Contest”, “Cost of Launching a Jubilee Debutante”, “Can Women Form Friendships”, “Why Lovelock Lost His Mile Championship Title to Wooderson”. In the circumstances is it surprising that (with the possible exception of South Africa, which spends vast sums on advertisement), the British Empire gets precious little attention around Fleet Street !

## VI

“ALL THAT GLISTERS.....”

*20th July*

### Cardiff

Sir Abdur Rahim, leader of the Indian delegation, has stayed behind in London as one of the casualties of over-lunching. This is rather unfortunate, as Sir Abdur was due to speak at the banquet arranged by the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce.

India's and Ceylon's share of the talking at such functions has been settled satisfactorily. I am to have the good fortune to lead at Manchester, Sir Cowasjee will lead at Glasgow, Baron Jayatilaka at Edinburgh and Basu at Sheffield, virtually the cream of the provincial tour.

We had an excellent reception this morning at Cardiff. The Lord Mayor mistook Lahiri for an Indian Prince and enquired about his elephants. Later the press photographers suitably photographed Lahiri arm in arm with the Lord Mayor. Lahiri also created a flutter at the bathing competition on the Taff. Many of the girls hoped he would go bathing with them.

In the afternoon we drove to Prothcawl, by car, through the Vale of Glamorgan, which was, of course, extraordinarily and exceptionally beautiful. At Prothcawl the local Aldermen received us as if we were the proprietors of the British Empire and many people sought autographs.

On the way out, one of Cardiff's Aldermen acted as guide. He pointed out interesting places and reminded us of the sad history of Wales, complaining bitterly of the British conquest!

He told us very mournfully how Wales had been conquered by treachery rather than by process of war. He could not, however, explain how it had come about that a Little Wizard from Wales had become Prime Minister of England.

The English have apparently one trait of character which distinguishes them from other nations. They seem to make better friends with their enemies than with their allies. France views with amazement the cool indifference of English statesmen of to-day towards their late Allies, and the warm reception accorded in London to German ex-service-men, who at one time were 'Barbarians', 'Huns', and 'Baby-Killers'.

In recent times, England has recruited her Prime Ministers from the ranks of the conquered. Scotland is very much to the fore in the political hegemony at

White Hall, and Wales appears to have a very substantial interest. Who can say that a Prime Minister of England will not some day hail from Chittagong?

22nd July

### Manchester

To-day has been *my* day.

There were 360 people (of 359 to be exact) at the Lord Mayor of Manchester's Banquet—nearly everybody worth knowing in the North of England.

This morning's cruise down the Ship Canal was a painful affair. I hoped the boat will sink—it certainly seemed a better end than drowning in the Town Hall.

But the speech went off grand, and I am sure India and the Empire will do well by the bargain!

Mentioning the Empire, the variety and conception among the various delegations at the Conference is worthy of note: The Speaker of the House of Commons at the inaugural luncheon in Westminster Hall visualized the several component parts of the Empire as the membership of a family. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, undoubtedly oppressed by the Statute of Westminster, does homage to the terminology of a Commonwealth. Col. Reitz and the South Africans, who have done well and profitably out of the British connection, prefer to regard

the association as that of a partnership. The Irishmen keep their opinions to themselves (Ireland is much too proximate).

There is a general consensus of opinion that any notion of dominion or Anglo-Saxon authority is repugnant to the spirit of the common association. As three-quarters of the persons interested are coloured or black, the conception of the Empire as a family must presuppose mixed origin! At the luncheon at Imperial Chemicals, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald talked about the Empire being bound by bonds of sentiment. The general opinion of the speech was that either the ex-Premier had liked too well the excellence of the wine or else did not understand the problem.

The idea of the Empire that lingers (as I said at the Mayor's banquet) is that of an English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society! *Managing Agents*, Stanley, Ramsay & Son.

[*Loud laughter*].

*24th July*

Sir Bhupindra Nath Mitra, High Commissioner for India, held a reception at India House at which about 800 persons were present. Sir B. N. is a small man, but an impressive pinc-nez makes up for any deficiency in appearance. He might have been Maximillin II of Lilliput receiving homage, as he

stood at the head of the staircase welcoming his guests. They were all there—I. C. S., I. M. S., G. I. P., and N. W. R. Some had come *home for long*, others for *short* and some for *ever*. There were, as may be expected, a large number of mixed unions. It is sometimes difficult to understand how these unions come about, and whether they are sound in principle. But when East meets West as Man and Woman, there are no barriers and no mysteries.

24th July

The rest of the official invitation consists of a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace and a tour of Scotland, neither of which I will be able to attend as I leave to-morrow for India.

The Lord Mayors and City Corporations of the cities of Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff and Birmingham, have done us amply well—their programmes of sight-seeing being interspersed with cruises, luncheons and banquets. Note must also be made of the hospitality extended to us by the Executives of the four great Railways of England, over whose systems we have travelled, and who have published an elaborate souvenir of the visit, as well as placing the best rolling stock at our disposal. The provincial Press has also, almost without exception, featured the visit of the "Delegates from the Parliaments of the

Empire " and shown an appreciation of Empire questions sadly missing in Fleet Street.

The visit to such outstanding manufacturing centres as Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry and Sheffield has enabled us to discover several first-class reasons for England's current prosperity.

All that glisters may not be gold, but it very near resembles it.

( And now to a final estimate of English character :

There appear to be two main tribes of Englishmen,—those who sell by the yard and pound, and those who sell by the bale and ton. The first sell over the counter, the second by correspondence.

There are marked differences in language, physique, and other characteristics between the two tribes. Those who sell over the counter are four to eight inches shorter men and stouter women than those who do their business through the General Post Office. The latter send their boys in Eton and Harrow, their girls are finished in Paris, and among them there is little overcrowding, unemployment or excess in the birth-rate. The former, that is, the men and women



who do business by the yard and pound, provide the ranks in the Army and Navy; they have clubs and churches of their own, into which members of the other tribe will not stray in fear of the loss of social caste. There is virtually no inter-marriage, except through the stage. There are, however, a few cases of migration from the counter to the board-room and the peerage. But many years are required to remove the social stigma of the trade or middle class generally speaking the stain is indelible.

The amusements of the two tribes vary considerably. The more exclusive and affluent spend much of their time bathing in Nice, gambling in Monte Carlo, tobogganing in Switzerland, and crossing the Atlantic in the *Empress of Britain*. The less exclusive also amuse themselves in sport, but in a different manner—small sums on the tote, large sums to watch League Football, County or Test Cricket. In tens of thousands, they pack the stadiums to see professionals and rich amateurs play their favourite games. Those too poor to buy the cheapest seats (which are by no means cheap) will indulge their fevered emotions in reading Jardine's descriptions of the Tests in the afternoon editions, or in hearing what they cannot see over the radio.

The Englishman has made sport fashionable the world over. The sportsman stands in most

countries to-day as the ideal of youth and manhood. Every young man is supposed to play cricket, even though he is playing football; never to hit below the belt, even if no hit or belt are involved. A sportsman is supposed to play the game for the game itself, irrespective of victory or defeat. He is supposed to be equally chivalrous to his opponent, whether the opponent hails from South Africa, Scotland or the West Indies. A sportsman always plays his hardest, except in mixed doubles, when it is his duty to lose the game. He applauds the skill of his opponent and credits his own successes to fluke or luck. He abstains from cigarettes and women, when in training; and makes up, when not. A sportsman never does a wrong thing, a mean thing or a thing that does no credit to the superlative standards and ideals of sportsmanship.

To call a man a sport, is to pay him the greatest compliment; to call a woman a sport, has not the same significance.

There is increasing enquiry whether certain branches of recreation can legitimately be termed "sport". There was a time when birds of plumage were slaughtered in the thousand for my lady's hats. But that barbarism is virtually at an end. Perhaps,

the time will come, when Englishmen—and English-women—will find more creditable outlets of national exuberance than cavalry charges upon small foxes or musketry practice on defenceless rabbits.

Everybody is aware of the gross corruption in almost every department of the Turf. But horse-racing nevertheless flourishes. It is a strange instance in psychology to see intelligent people look and bet on horses in the paddock, well-knowing that the winner has, probably, already been settled in the stables. To get a 'tip from someone in the know' is what everybody wants, but is only given to the favoured few. 'Duggie Stewart' every week invites the readers of the *Tatler* and *Sketch* to open a credit account, illustrating the importance of such business from the story of Antony and Cleopatra and a legendary Sir Edward, who sends messages after a race has been run and telegrams without prepayment or signature. 'Duggie never owes', which means that he pays and pays promptly, an instance well-illustrative of the British sporting spirit.

There is some doubt as to whether an Englishman is really happier successful or unsuccessful. He looks pleased if he wins, but he often looks happier if he loses. He has no use for the man who takes him seriously. He generally idolises anyone who can

hit him in the jaw and give him a black eye. He bears no long hatreds. Though not entirely above criticism, he is, generally, a worthy opponent and a chivalrous foe. He has great admiration for good fighters, who fight clean, and is willing to honour such foes.

The average Englishman appears better-looking than the average Englishwoman, though, recently, the beauty parlours have removed much of the disparity. The Englishman's standard of intelligence is not high, though there are some remarkable exceptions. The average standard in knowledge, general information and education is not exceptional. The Englishman is not troubled to write or to speak his language correctly. He has none of the pride of diction common to the Frenchman or German. His vocabulary is singularly restricted; he relies a great deal on slang, though, even here, his repertoire is nothing like so comprehensive as that of the American.

In the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge flourish great traditions of scholarship and learning, nobly maintained. Students and scholars from far corners of the world, belonging to the multitude of nations, come hither in search of knowledge, and generally return warmly appreciative

of the teaching and hospitality, which they have received. No greater tribute is possible than a reference to the pride with which the teachers in these Universities refer to the achievements of their foreign and Indian students in competition with the youth of their own race.

How many of us can deny, in the inner searchings of our hearts, that our earliest inspirations were found on the banks of the Isis and the Cam ?

Among all other points, the Englishman's most successful quality is the team spirit. It has enabled him to form and hold a vast empire. The team spirit is sedulously cultivated from the earliest age,—pride in the Class, the School XI, the College eight, the 'Varsity crew, and the Regimental team. Every Winchester boy will not only want to play for Winchester, but to be present to cheer when Winchester is on the field against Charterhouse. Charterhouse boys feel just the same, except that Charterhouse will be uppermost in their minds. When Yorkshire wins the Season against Sussex every Yorkshireman is proud, and Sussexmen hope for the next year. But when England is pitted against Scotland, all Winchester, Charterhouse, Sussex, Lancashire and Yorkshire are on the same side—the side of England.

And so Englishmen may have the acutest differences among themselves, but when England is in the field, whether at Lords or at Melbourne, whether in a diplomatic embroglio at Geneva or at war with the Boers, or in a friendly race for the *Blue Riband* of the Atlantic, all England is one. In a small military station in India the captain's wife may not mix with the sergeant-major's woman, and the trades' people probably have to run a club of their own, having failed to find admission to the Service Club. But if Gandhi raises the standard of revolt, they are all one,—Sergeant-Major, Tommy, District Magistrate and Governor. The great secret society immediately begins to function.

## VII

### THE ANT HOLE

25th July

Paris

The day of departure. The merry adventure is at an end.

A start was made this afternoon from Northumberland Avenue by special bus to Croydon. A few friends had arrived to say *bon voyage*.

*Half-past-six.* The prophets of the weather had signalled all clear. The passengers hurriedly climbed in. There were ten of them, mainly oddments. While there was no attempt to become friendly, there were some inconsequential observations about the weather. Very little else was possible. The drone of the engines was deafening. The doors were eventually locked, the staircase removed; we were prisoners.

The pilot waved a hand. Somebody shouted "O. K." The throttles opened; the engines raced briskly, and the great machine moved forward in a merry run across the aerodrome. At the far corner, the machine swung sharply round and

boldly faced the prevailing wind. The engines roared. We careered madly towards the hangar. The tail came up. Soon the wheels left the ground and we were soaring upwards. Round the Clock Tower and round the aerodrome higher and yet higher. The pilot eventually levelled up and turned his nose southward.

How glorious it was to be up---above everything !

Great London looked like an ant hole. Were those motor cars ? Those trains ? Surely more like insects and worms crawling miserably. A marvellous blue haze hid the horizon. Dark clouds were scattered to the west, while a dubious sun was struggling behind a pale mist, splashing the evening sky with red and rose.

We were suspended as if in a lovely lustre bowl of jade and gold. Suddenly the sunlight broke upon a panorama of the sea and the white cliffs of Dover. The Channel was crossed in a few moments, and we headed straight for Paris.

The 'plane then ran into a rain. Gusts of wind disturbed the throbbing of the engines. There was some pitching and rolling, and a sickly sea-feeling came over most of the passengers.



Lights on the wings of the 'plane were like the bulging eyes of a dragonfly, giving warning of our approach. The only things now discernible within the cabin were the shadowy silhouettes of the passengers, each one peering from his window into a vague mystery of space.

Suddenly somebody exclaimed: "*Paris!*" There was the Eiffel Tower striding in the distance its ugly majesty. It was dark. Lights blazed all round. It was a curious feeling—relation of earth and sky seemed reversed. Instead of looking down upon a lighted city, we were gazing at the sky and a field of stars. There were the boulevards like patches of the milky way, great squares like constellations, with lights in circles and ellipses, and shafts of flood-light like triumphant comets hurtling through an evening sky.

The 'plane wheeled round like an eagle coming to rest. In a moment the picture had changed its patterns.

One day—and two nights—in Paris.

A City of enchantment, magic, romance,—fair Paris, with her long, wide and wonderful streets, her magnificent buildings, her poems in bronze and stone; the chatter and gaiety of her thousands of

cafes ; her tree-lined boulevards, her lovely women, love and gaiety, her laughing life,—night and day, in any and every season of the year.

From Paris Marseilles, Malta, Port Said, Aden, Bombay and the rail journey home to Simla.

A grand tour de luxe, an Empire holiday, with Sir Howard d'Egville and A. C. Spencer Hess superb tourist managers.

Has the excursion achieved any results

Why yes !

—*This England !*

## THE EXIT OF EDWARD VIII

*May 12th, '37*

Since the preceding notes were written, His Majesty King Edward VIII preferred Mrs. Ernest Simpson to the Throne of England. Edward is at the moment in France, effaced designedly for the moment from the world's attention. His wedding plans, in which both the Old and New Worlds are interested, have been deferred to after the 12th, so that they might not clash, and perhaps, detract somewhat from the coronation of his brother.

This note is written as Albert, Duke of York, and his consort are being crowned in Westminster Abbey as George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Does the ex-King feel to-day that he did the right thing in giving up his throne for the love of Mrs. Simpson? Perhaps history will never know, but there will never be any doubt (though the plaudits of the coronation crowds echo round the world—literally and thanks to radio) there were many who felt a genuine sense of regret that it was not Edward VIII, who was crowned to-day.

Edward's love for a woman, unacceptable to his Government, was not the only cause of the

abdication. Some of the predisposing causes must be looked for in his extraordinary popularity with the masses, his marked dislike for the more formal conventions of monarchy, and the gulf between the manners and morals of his own generation and the bigotry of the Church, which he was pledged to defend. His greatest failing, apparently, was that he was a King who could not only append a signature, but who could assign a good reason for not doing so.

As Prince of Wales, and as King, he was treated with the customary British deference to a person of high authority. His acts and his conduct were above the criticism of platform, press or Parliament. According to all canons, juristic and otherwise, the King could do no wrong.

But once dethroned, Edward was treated in an equally typical manner.

• Important appointments at Court, which he had made, were immediately revised, and favourites of the old reign, who had gone into retirement, were recalled ;

All reference to him was excluded in the Civil List, as if he had never existed ;

Archbishops and Archdeacons, who in the days of his kingship paid him abject homage and fulsome

tribute, followed rather unworthily the teachings of their Church, by indulging in a vendetta against the ex-King, as soon as Parliament transferred their allegiance to his successor. The King's sin lay not so much in having loved another man's wife or in the desire to place his affections on a legal footing, a course no different to that followed by thousands of his subjects, but in the fact that his proposals implied that an American would become Queen of England.

Parliament, including Government and Opposition, Commons and Peers (Lay and Spiritual) were agreed that the King might keep Mrs. Simpson as his mistress; he might in fact, like some of his predecessors, seduce as many ladies about the Court as he desired, but the English Law knew no precedent for the King's proposals.

If Edward VIII had been Henry VIII and Mr. Baldwin Cardinal Woolsey, Mrs. Simpson would have been crowned in Westminster Abbey or Mr. Baldwin would have lost his head.

In Edward, England had a monarch of ability and energy well above the average. But much of the excellence of the Parliamentary system can only be seen by contrast with the capacity of Sovereign. There were indications that the King's Ministers were not having it all their own way. His impromptu

visit to the distressed areas in South Wales was an indication of his mind.

*And so he had to go.*

And so he went—in characteristic fashion.

He made no attempt to form a King's Party, though there is no doubt that it would have been a formidable one, if he had tried ;

He made no attempt to defend himself against the attacks of the Church ;

He went as far away as possible, so that his presence might not embarrass his successor ;

He went cheerfully, and his last words were those of loyalty to the brother, who succeeded him.

There is no doubt that His Majesty King George VI will be a success as King, in contrast to his brother. His personal disposition is much more akin to that of his father. It may safely be predicted that he will never come into conflict with his Ministers. He has a wife, who is a home product, a girl of the people. She performs her share of public duty gracefully, sympathetically and without pride or ostentation. For many years they have been happily wedded and have attractive children. He has a

mother, who helps to emphasise his own inclinations that the best and safest path of kingship is the one followed by his father, namely to do the things that do not matter, and not to interfere in the things that really matter.

There is no likelihood of any encroachment in the new reign on the power of the Baldwins, the Chamberlains and the Astors.

In the last twenty years or so, monarchy has, in many countries, received a set back. Russia overthrew the Tzar because he symbolised class oppression; in Turkey the revolution found its necessity in the weakness of the Sultan to foreign machination; Germany sent the ex-Kaiser into exile because he lost the War; Spain did the same by Alphonso, because he was too slow to appreciate the currents of modern times. It was left to England to dethrone a monarch for entirely different reasons.

Edward VIII had intelligence, ability and a popularity of which his Ministers were afraid. Other nations removed Kings who were a source of weakness, England removed a King because he was a source of strength.

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York, Duchess of ..	...	...	35, 87 90

Z

Zetland, Marquiss of ...	...	...	... 60
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By the Same Author

## UNCLE SHAM

28th printing

130th thousand

There is a law that says that naughty books should not come into the United States. Is it any wonder that the official censor was much distressed and impounded the book, while he hastily counselled his superiors, or is it any wonder that it was finally released? Is it a good book? As good as 'Mother India' and its points are as well taken as literally true by those who read it in India, for the author in his own country is a very important man—he is a sort of Judge Gary and George F. Babitt rolled into one. Hence he speaks with authority.

—*Baltimore "Evening Sun"*.

The official seizure made 'Uncle Sham' international news.

—*New York "Herald-Tribune"*.

The preliminary skirmishing between the United States and Mr. Gauba aroused natural excitement. Here at last, after weeks of dullness, was something from India worth shouting and waving arms about.

—*Richmond "Times Despatch"*

From the very first, there was never any doubt that 'Mother India' would evoke replies. Indians have already accomplished their task with great success, but the outstanding reply has just been made.

—*Toronto "Globe"*.

There have been numerous replies to 'Mother India' written by natives of India. Most have been woefully unconvincing, evasive and beg the question. Now comes the real counterblast. The book is called 'Uncle Sham'. He relies little on his own opinions or observations, taking the authoritative writings of citizens of the United States. His selection is inspired and merciless, the impeachment is terrible. If 'Mother India' was unpleasant, 'Uncle Sham' is horrific. Sodom and Lesbia present a picture less terrible. 'Uncle Sham' is out and away the most effective reply that India has produced.

—*St. John's "Journal"*.

On the sunny plains at Lahore (India) an old gentleman, with a goaty beard and wearing striped trousers has been pegged out under the glare of the Indian sky, while a polished young gentleman proceeds to dissect him. His scalpels are dipped in vitriol and he murmurs apologies as he proceeds, to take the hide off our old friend Uncle Sam of the United States of America. This is the impression left after reading 'Uncle Sham' and it shows what a clever, subtle and persistent propagandist can do

—*"Sunday Province", Vancouver*

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It is a book, as is claimed by the publishers, which 'scores a hit' right away from the title.

—*"The Pioneer", Allahabad.*

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Mr. Gauba has done his work far too well: his style possesses an incisive crispness which Miss Mayo even in her best vein has never equalled.

—*"The Bombay Chronicle", Bombay.*

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It is the most scathing exposure of America I have read. It tears the Stars Spangled Banner to shreds.

—*K. M. Pannikar, Foreign Secretary, Kashmir.*

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'Uncle Sham' published a few days ago presents a picture of American life before which Miss Mayo's performance pales into insignificance.

*"Leader", Allahabad.*

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Mr. K. L. Gauba's book 'Uncle Sham' has caused an uproar in European circles.

—*Associated Press of India*

## “ HIS HIGHNESS ”

4th printing

15th thousand

This amazing book by K. L. Gauba is a staggering indictment.

—London “Daily Sketch”.

What persists after reading this clever study or satire or diagnosis, whatever the proper word, is the feeling of amazement that if all these things are true, political officers do not know them, or if they know them they remained at their posts or if they asked to be relieved, they were ordered by superior authority to remain.

—“Statesman”, Calcutta.

Your present work, as also its predecessor ‘Uncle Sham’ proves that you wield a mighty pen. Its publication is very opportune. You have done a national service.

Sir P. C. Ray.

This is a book of mordant satire and Mr. Gauba is again at his desk framing one of the most staggering indictments ever published.

—“Indian Review”, Allahabad.

## “ THE PROPHET OF THE DESERT ”

“One of the two most interesting books I have ever read. I feel like kissing you.” —Maulana Shaukat Ali.

“Delightfully written.....reads like a book of fiction. Powerful.....entertaining. This is something entirely new in biography. Where Emil Ludwig fails the author of ‘The Prophet of the Desert’ succeeds.” —“Eastern Times”.

“The publishers are right. This book will long hold its own as the classic on the life and times of the Prophet Muhammad.

“Its excellence lies not so much in its style, which is masterly, but in the very convincing proof that Muhammad the Prophet was after all Muhammad the Man.” —Anon

“It is marvellous. It is unique. I wonder if the like has been written before.” —Maulana Syed Habib,

Editor, “Daily Siyasat”, Lahore.

## ERRATA

PAGE	LINE	
14	13	before <i>undesirable</i> insert <i>an</i>
16	10	delete <i>a</i>
17	24	for <i>canteloupe</i> read <i>cantaloup</i>
19	3	for <i>acerage</i> read <i>acreage</i>
20	17	for <i>cocktails</i> , read <i>cocktail</i>
22	25	before <i>been</i> insert <i>have</i>
32	3 <sup>0</sup>	for <i>Cordinal</i> read <i>Cardinal</i>
33	26	delete ( )
50	6	for <i>asperine</i> read <i>aspirin</i>
63	16	for <i>culturation</i> read <i>civilisation</i>
67	14	for <i>Pound</i> read <i>Pounds</i>
73	7	for <i>of</i> read <i>or</i>
73	11	for <i>will</i> read <i>would</i>
76	18	for <i>in</i> read <i>to</i>
77	9	after <i>class</i> insert ;
78	24	for <i>in</i> read <i>by</i>
89	19	for <i>Woolsey</i> read <i>Wolsey</i>
95	22	for <i>Marquiss</i> read <i>Marquess</i>













